

Afterglow

*I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.*

*I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways
of happy times and laughing times
and bright and summer days.
I'd like the tears of those who
grieve to dry before the sun
of happy memories that I leave
When life is done.*

Love Michael

Acknowledgements:

The Hill family would like to thank you for the many kind expressions of sympathy that have been extended during our time of bereavement. May God bless and keep each of you.

Lovingly submitted, The Hill Family

Cemetery: Morgan, Cinnaminson, NJ



822-24 Kaighn Avenue
Camden, NJ 08103
856-602-4035

Martha Plummer, Executive Director, NJ LIC. No. 4326

Homegoing CELEBRATION

Sunrise
January 5, 1970

Sunset
October 23, 2021

~ Son
~ Brother
~ Father
~ Uncle
~ Cousin
~ Friend



Michael Hill

Saturday, November 6, 2021

Viewing: 9:00-10:30

Service 10:30am

Macedonia Baptist Church
351 High Street
Westville, NJ 08093



Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Floyd Myrie

Processional

Clergy and Family

Prayer of Comfort

Elaine Hill

Scripture

Elaine Hill

Old Testament: Psalms 23

New Testament: John 14: 1-3

Solo

Kiasia Jackson

Acknowledgments of Cards

Phyllis Hill-Kelly

Obituary

Phyllis Hill-Kelly

Reflections and Remarks

2 Minutes Please

Solo

Eulogy

Pastor Jermaine Stokes

Final Viewing

Recession

*Life is not the same without you
The sun still rises in the east in the darkness falls at night. but nothing
else seems quite the same each day is not as bright.
The birds still sing, the flowers grow, the breeze still whispers, too but it
will never, ever be the same world without you. It's so sad that you had
to go leaving you cause such pain but you were so very special and
Earth's lost in Heaven's gain.*

ORDER
OF
SERVICE

Precious Memories...



Michael's Life Journey

Proverbs 3:5-6 Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Michael Edward Hill, Sr. was born January 5, 1970 at Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital, in Camden, NJ to the late Howard Edward Holmes and Cynthia E. Holmes.

Michael attended Camden School System, and graduated from Camden High School. In 2017 he attended Cosmetology Barber School. In 2001 Michael began working at Carrabba's where he also met Jamie, and they started their family. In 2004 their son Michael, Jr. was born, 2005 their daughter Olivia was born; They were Mike's pride and joy. In 2006 Michael and Jamie were married. In 2018 Michael accepted Christ in his life. Michael had various hobbies; Music and Movies, AKA Rakee... Mike enjoyed making CDs and DVDs. He would also make sure he had the best quality speakers in his car, and also at home. He was a big fan of Bob Marley, "Don't Worry Be Happy..."

Mike was big on fashion; he only wore Polo and Adidas. He also loved Star Wars. Mike had a passion when it came to cooking and baking. Chef Rakee, he called himself. "I LIKE BIG BUNDTS, I CANNOT LIE". Mike's newest hobby was with the Cricut Machine, where he designed shirts and other items.

Michael leaves to cherish his memory, wife, Jamie Hill; children, Son Michael Edward Hill, Jr. and daughter Olivia Lyn Hill; (2) Sisters, Dawn Hill and Sylvia Hill, New Jersey; one (1) brother Demond Hill, New Jersey; mother-in-law and father-in-law, Susan and Jerry Ponder (Florida); two (2) aunts, Edith Burch and Elaine Hill, New Jersey; three (3) uncles, Anthony Hill (Blue), Timothy Hill and Thomas Hill, New Jersey, and a host of nieces, nephews, and cousins. Special Family and Friends.

Loving Memories

*You are not forgotten, my love nor will you ever be.
As long as life and memory lasts, your soul will live within me.
I miss you now my heart is sore. As time goes by I miss you more.
Your loving smile, your gentle face, no one could fill your vacant place.*



Not, How Did He Die, But How Did He Live?

Not, how did he die, but how did he live?
Not, what did he gain, but what did he give?
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of his birth.
Nor what was his church, nor what was his creed?
But had he befriended those really in need?
Was he ever ready, with words of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?
Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry when he passed away?

^ALoving TRIBUTE

God saw you getting tired
and a cure was not to be;
So He put his arms around you
and whispered,
"Come with Me."
With tearful eyes we watched you suffer
and saw you fade away.
Although we LOVED YOU DEARLY
we could not make you stay.
A GOLDEN HEART stopped beating
hard working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best!

